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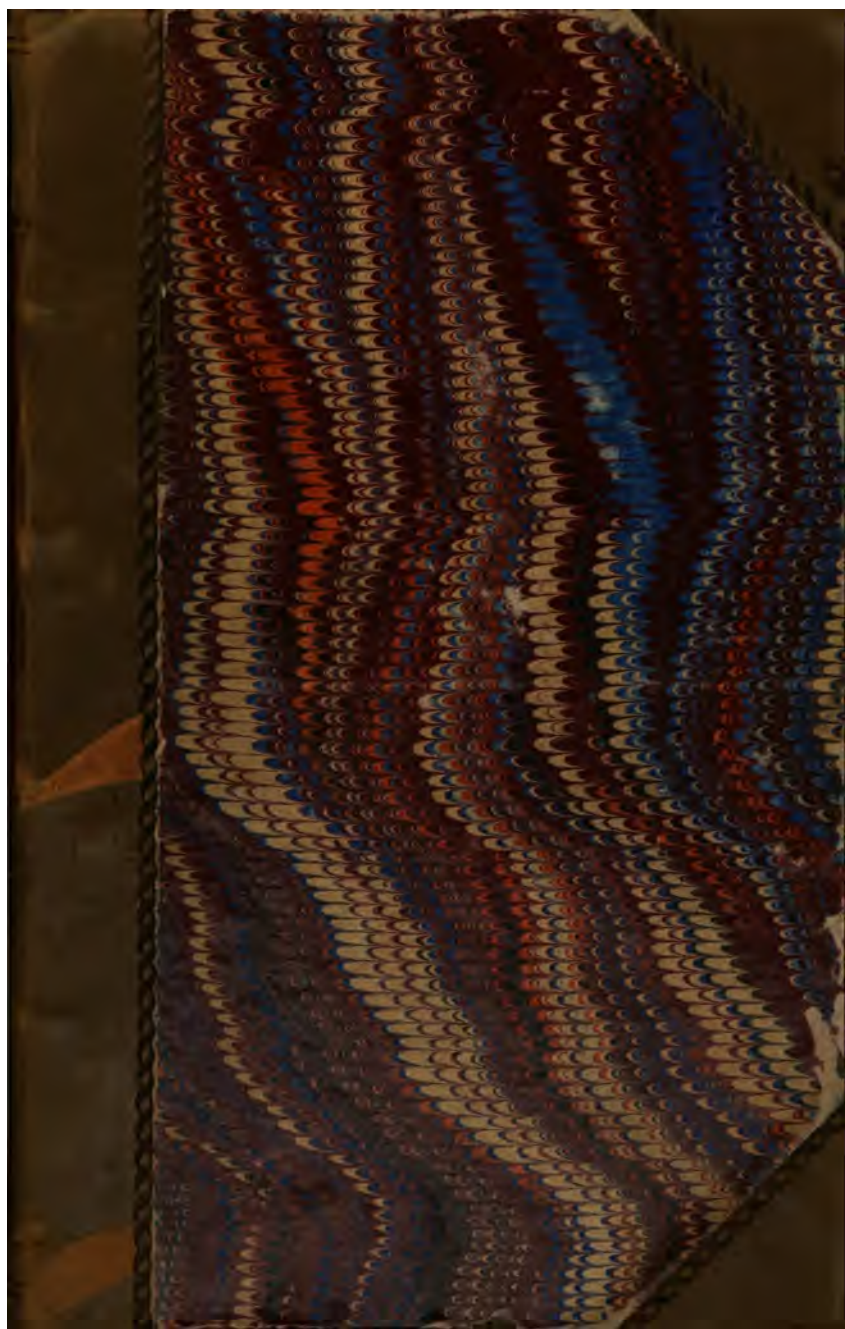
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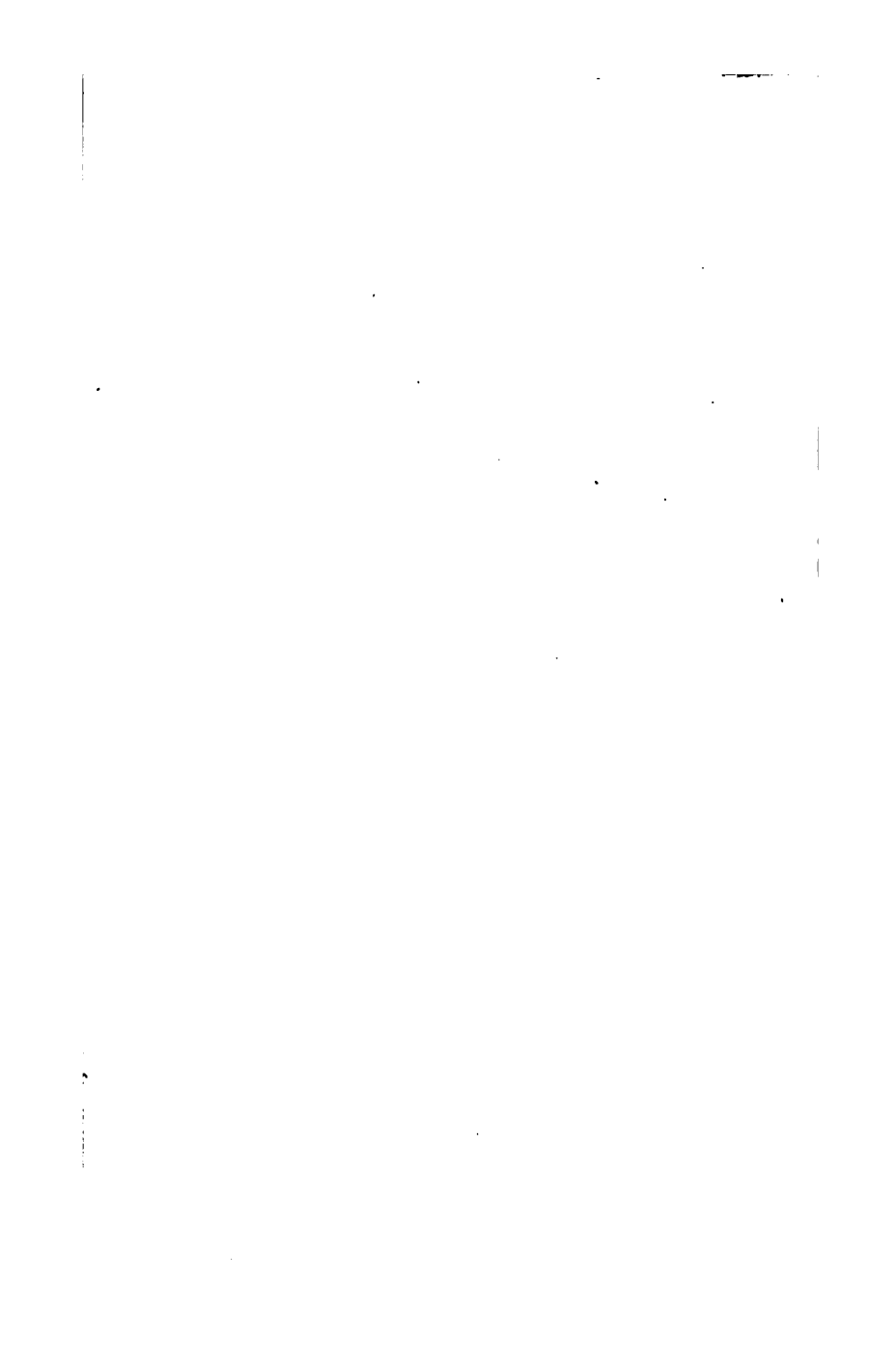
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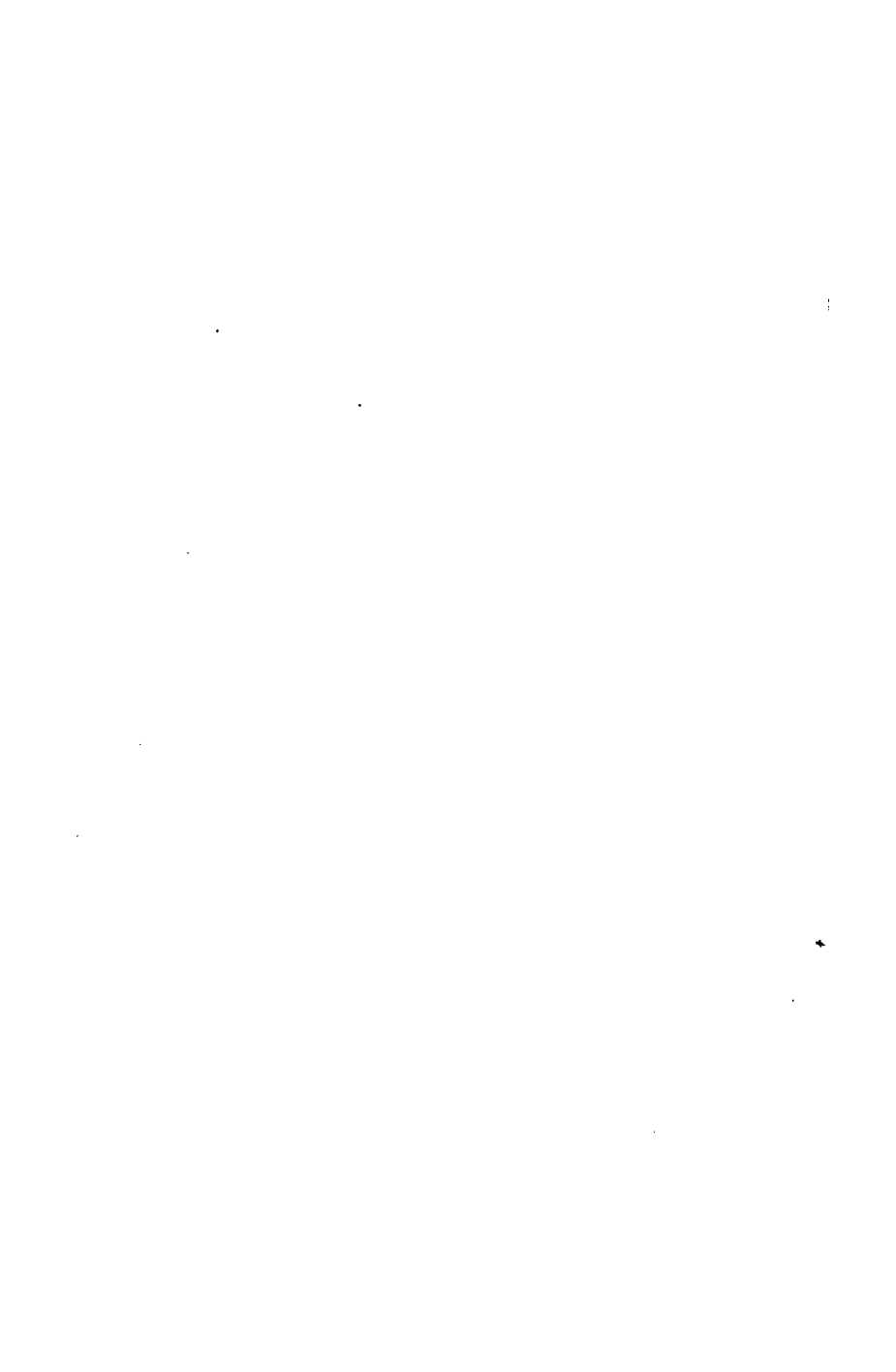
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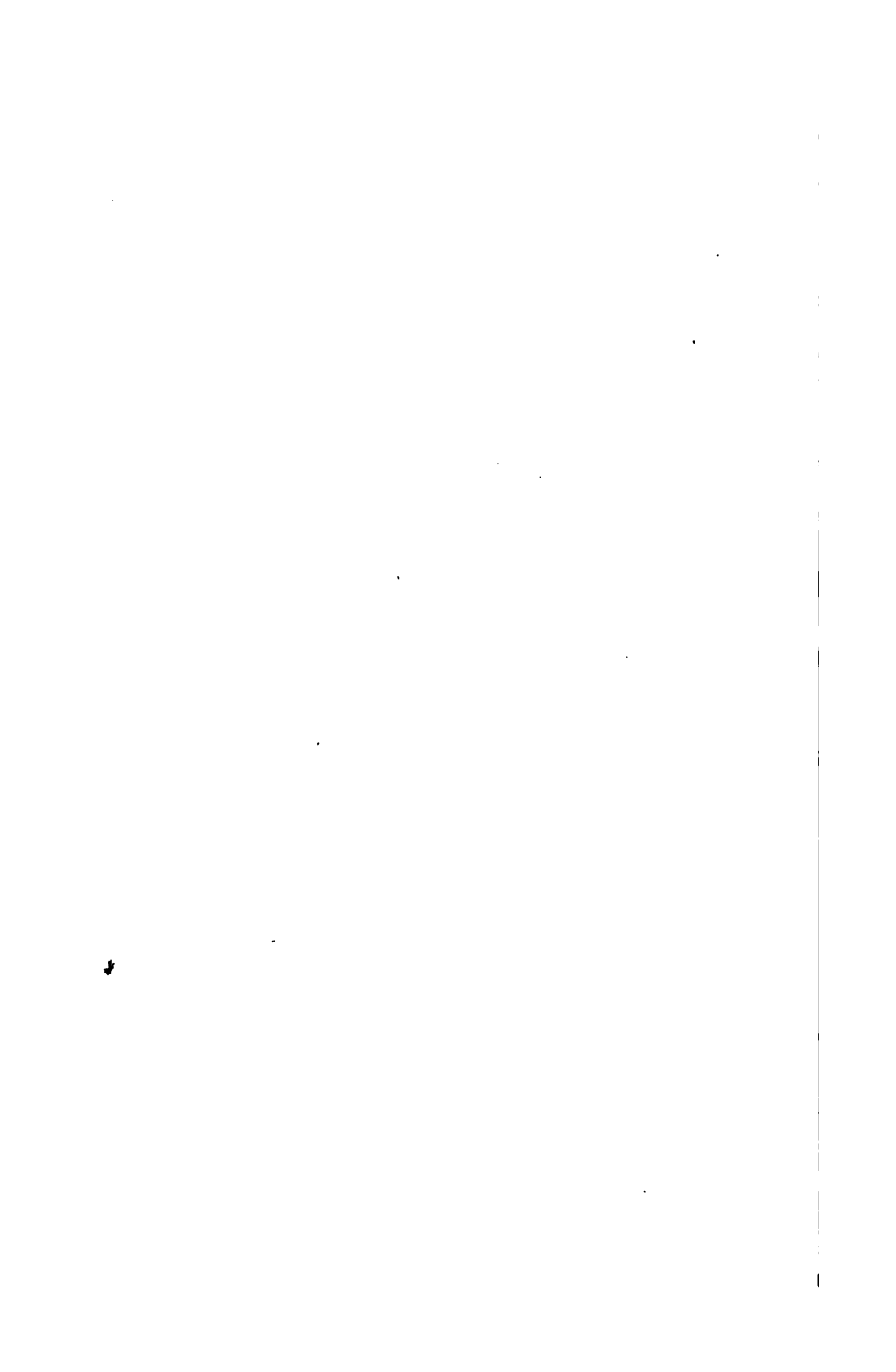












T H E
BANBURY MISCELLANY.

CONTAINING,
MANY INTERESTING PARTICULARS,
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN,
OF PERSONS, PLACES, THINGS, &c. THAT DO, OR
THAT HAVE EXISTED, OR HAPPENED IN
B A N B U R Y,
AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

WITH PROSE PIECES, AND A VARIETY OF
POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

BY SEVERAL HANDS.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

EXTRACTED FROM BURLINGTON'S TRAVELLER.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, which is situated in the Diocese of PETERBOROUGH, and Province of CANTERBURY, is Bound by Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire E. Warwickshire and Oxfordshire W. Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Lincolnshire N. Buckinghamshire S.—Extends in length 55 miles, in breadth 26, and is about 125 miles in circumference, its form is that of a boot.—Contains 20 Hundreds, 330 Parishes, 1 City, 11 Market Towns, 551 Villages.—Sends to Parliament, Nine Members, viz.—two for the County, two for Peterborough, two for Northampton, two for Brackley, one for Higham Ferrers.

This county receives its name from its principal town, Northampton, which, in the Saxon annals, is called *Hamton*. The proposition *North* was added after the conquest, to distinguish it from Southampton, which was also, before that time, known by the name of *Hamton* only.

NORTHAMPTON is the most central town in the county, and is situated 67 miles north-west of London.

The manufactures of this county are serges, tamies, shalloons, boots and shoes.

The air of this county is esteemed equal, if not superior, to any in the kingdom, and to that is ascribed the reason why so many of the nobility and gentry have seats in it; for although the county is not so extensive as some others, yet there are more

manſion houſes in proportion, than any other in England. There is, however, a ſmall tract of country called Fenland, about Peterborough, bordering on Lincolnſhire and Cambridgeſhire, which is often overflowed by great falls of water from the uplands in rainy ſeaſons ; but the inhabitants do not ſuffer the water, to ſtay ſo long upon the ground, even in winter, as to affect the air, of which the healthfulneſs of the inhabitants is an undeniable proof.

The ſoil of this county is very fruitful both in tillage and paſturage ; but it is not well ſtocked with wood, nor, by reaſon of its diſtance from the ſea, could it be ſupplied with coals, were it not for its internal navigation. It abounds, however, with ſheep and other cattle, wool, pigeons, and ſaltpetre ; and it has been obſerved, that there is leſs waſte ground in this than in any other county in England, there being but one barren heath in it, and that near Wittering. It is a plain, level county, and contains ſuch a number of villages that from ſome places may be ſeen at leaſt 30 ſteepleſ at one view.

The principal rivers that water this county are the following, *viz.* The Nen, the Welland, the Ouse, the Leam, and the Cherwell.

The Nen riſes near the borders of Warwickſhire, and running eaſt paſſes Northampton, when it becomes navigable. From thence it turns north-eaſt, and paſſing by ſeveral towns, ſeparates Lincolnſhire from Cambridgeſhire, and falls into the German Ocean at a place called the Waſhes near Lynn in Norfolk.

The Welland riſes in Lincolnſhire, and entering this county, near the borders of Rutlandſhire, falls into the Nen north-eaſt of Peterborough.

The Ouse riſes near Brackley in this county, and running north-eaſt through Buckingham, Bedford, Cambridge

Cambridge and Norfolk, empties itself into the German Ocean near Lynn.

The Leam rises on the eastern borders of this county, and after a winding course falls into the Avon near Warwick.

The Cherwell rises at the south-west corner of this county, from whence it takes its course into Oxfordshire, and falls into the Thames at Oxford.

All these rivers produce great plenty of fresh water fish, such as perch, roach, dace, gudgeons, eels, chubs and pikes. There are also some fish peculiar to these rivers, such as that called the Shallors found in the river Cherwell, and the bed eel and burbot in the river Nen. Sometimes there are caught sturgeon, salmon, smelts and lampreys; but these are not very common.

The inhabitants of this county are extremely polite, which is not to be wondered at, when we consider the great numbers of nobility and gentry that reside among them; and the many public roads that pass through the different towns, by which they have an opportunity of conversing with strangers in every part of the kingdom.

Northampton, the principal town in this county, and which gives name to it, is pleasantly situated on a genteel ascent, at the foot of which runs the river Nen. Whether it was of any repute before the Conquest, we are not certainly informed, only that Henry of Huntingdon says, it was burnt down by the Danes, and soon after rebuilt, which is not improbable, as it is mentioned in dooms-day book, where we are told that it contained sixty-three burgesses. It has continued to send members to parliament ever since the original summons in the reign of Edward I.

Many parliaments have been held at Northamp-

ten, and when the barons took up arms against Henry III. they first displayed their standard here, but the king took it by assault. At that time it was a place of great strength, being fortified with a wall and a castle. Some ruins of the latter are still to be seen on the west side of the town; but the walls have been long totally demolished.

Northampton had formerly nine churches, but a dreadful fire having broke out in the town on the 2d of September 1695, some of them, with the greatest part of the houses, were consumed. The whole place, however, was afterwards rebuilt, (some of the churches excepted) and it is now one of the neatest towns of its size in England.

The number of churches at present is four, the first of which is All Saints, situated in the center of the town, where several streets terminate. It is a noble structure, and one of the handsomest parish churches in the kingdom. The portico is composed of eight stately columns of the same order, erected at the sole expence of Charles II. and above is a fine balustrade, within which is a full length statue of that prince dressed in his royal robes, holding the globe in one hand, and the sceptre in the other. The dome is contrived in the most curious manner; and in the church are some handsome monuments, particularly one to the memory of Mrs. Stonehouse, wife of Dr. Stonehouse, on which is the following inscription from Pope:

*How lov'd, how valu'd once, awaits thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.*

Near this church are the town-house and county-hall, where the sessions and assizes are held. The
hall.

hall is a magnificent stone building, adorn'd with columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order. And the market place is so regular and spacious, that it is accounted one of the finest in England, the buildings being neat, uniform and lofty.

Here are also a county jail, three hospitals, a free-school, and two charity-schools, one of which is for 30 boys and 10 girls. The last of these is in a great measure supported from the produce of the George Inn, the building of which cost 2000*l.* and was given by John Dryden, Esq. towards the endowment of this charity.

There are two convenient bridges over the river Nen, which has been made navigable for lighters, so that the town is well supplied with coals and other necessary articles.

Northampton is one of the most noted towns in England for making shoes, of which great numbers are exported, & there is a considerable manufactory of stockings, so that upon the whole it is a very flourishing place. It is a corporation of great antiquity, but its last charter was granted by James I. and the government is vested in a mayor, recorder, two bailiffs, twelve assistants, forty-eight common council, with a town-clerk and other proper officers.

The weekly market on Saturday is esteemed the largest in England for all sorts of horses, many of the dealers from London meeting here, with those from Yorkshire and other parts of the North. The town is distant from London 67 miles.

In antient times there were many religious houses in Northampton and its neighbourhood; but they have all long since been so totally demolished, that it is scarce known where some of them stood.

DAVENTRY is pleasantly situated on a rising ground near

near the Roman highway called Watling-street ; & on the east of it is an excellent Roman camp, where many coins, and other pieces of antiquity, have been dug up. It is a very populous town, and contains many good inns, being on the road to Coventry and Birmingham ; but the houses in general are mean and ill built.

Here is an exceeding good charity-school, and an academy, where the sons of protestant dissenters are educated. The town is a corporation, and governed by a mayor, steward, alderman, and common-council. It has a good weekly market on Wednesday, and is distant from London 72 miles.

About four miles east of Daventry is a village called WHITTON, where the foundation of houses have been dug up, together with a great number of Roman coins, from whence it is conjectured to have been one of their military stations.

There are likewise the remains of a Roman camp at LYLORN, a village to the north of Daventry, such as walls, trenches and moats ; but it does not appear at what time it was raised, though, most probably, it was when Vespasian was lieutenant in Britain, in the reign of the emperor Nero.

To the east of Daventry is WEDON, or, 'as it is commonly called, WEDON IN THE STREET. It is of such antiquity, that the Mercian kings had a seat here ; and there was also a small priory, but no remains of it are now left. This village was formerly a market town, and near it are the remains of a Roman camp, where many antiquities have been discovered, such as walls, pavements, baths and coins ; from which we may reasonably suppose that it was once a place of considerable importance.

Many Roman antiquities have been also found at a villa called WOODFORD, near Wedon, which probably,

bably, in former times, belonged to the same town.

TOWCESTER is a town of great antiquity, and generally allowed to have been a Roman station, as many of their coins and other antiquities have been found here. It was a place of great strength during the time of the Saxons; and Edward the Elder surrounded it with a wall, which enabled the inhabitants to resist all the power of the Danes; but not the least remains of the wall are now to be seen.

It is at present a very considerable town, by reason of its situation on the road to Coventry, having many good houses, besides some of the best inns in this part of the county; but it has not any building that merits particular description. The principal trade of the town consists in making bone lace, which employs a great number of women and girls. It has a good weekly market on Tuesday, and is distant from London 60 miles.

Near Towcester is a village called EAST NES-
TON, remarkable for a fine seat belonging to the earl of Pomfret. It is pleasantly situated in a wood, and the prospects through the vistas are truly delightful. Behind the gardens is a fine canal; and the hall is adorned with paintings, executed by the greatest Italian masters. This stately structure was designed by Inigo Jones, and the stair-case is painted by Sir James Thornhill.

To the west of Towcester is a large village called EDGE-COT, remarkable for a bloody battle fought between the English and the Danes, in which the latter were totally defeated. There was another battle fought here during the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; but the Yorkists were defeated, and 5000 of their men slain.

Near the above village is another called CHIP-
PINGWARDEN, which appears to be of great anti-
quity, and was probably a Roman station. Many
founda-

foundations have been dug up here at different times, and coins have been found under the ruins; but history is silent as to the time it was built, though, in all probability, it was soon after the reign of the emperor Claudius.

About three miles to the south of Towcester is WHITTLEBURY FOREST, where the duke of Grafton has a seat called Wakefield Lodge. The gardens and woods are divided into walks and vistas, which command a most extensive prospect over the adjacent country. The park is well stocked with deer, and properly enclosed; and upon the whole it is one of the most delightful retreats in the kingdom.

On the borders of this forest is a village called POTTERSPERRY, which was of great repute during the heptarchy: and remarkable for a bloody battle fought near it between the West Saxons and the Mercians, in which the former were defeated with considerable loss.

To the east of Towcester is a small village called GRAFTON, remarkable only for giving the title of duke to one of the branches of the noble family of Fitzroy.

BRACKLEY, the last town we have to mention in this county, is a place of great antiquity, and said to be one of the oldest boroughs in England. It is pleasantly situated near the source of the river Ouse, and was formerly celebrated for its tilts and tournaments, which were often held here when knight errantry was practised in this kingdom.

This town is greatly decayed from what it was in former times, when it was particularly celebrated for its great trade in wool. There are, however, still some remains of its antient grandeur, namely, two parish churches, a free-school, and an hospital kept

kept in good repair by the president and fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. The town is an antient corporation, and the government is vested in a mayor, chosen annually at the court-leet of the manor. The weekly market is on Wednesday, and its distance from London 46 miles.

In the neighbourhood of this town is a village called AYNHO, where there was an hospital founded in the reign of Henry II. the rents of which, after its dissolution, were annexed to the revenues of Magdalen College, Oxford.

There was also a priory, at a pleasant village called ASHBY CANON, which was founded soon after the conquest; but not the least remains of it are now to be seen.

Within about half a mile of the town of Northampton is one of the crosses erected by king Edward I. in memory of Eleanor his queen, whose corpse was rested here in its way to Westminster; & at a small distance to the north of the cross, several Roman coins have been dug up at different periods.

JAMES HERVEY, the celebrated author of the "Meditations among the Tombs", was the son of a clergyman, and born at Hardingstone, near Northampton, on the 26th of February 1714. He received his education at the grammar school of that town, from whence he removed to Lincoln-College, Oxford, where, after finishing his studies, he took the degree of bachelor of arts, & entered into holy orders.

Being of a serious turn of mind, and filled with a deep sense of religion, he associated himself with pious people of every denomination, and his natural sweetness of temper gained him the most particular respect

respect from all who knew him. His Piety and virtue, however, did not recommend him to those in power, nor did he ever obtain any higher preferment than that of a curacy till the death of his father, which happened in 1752, when he succeeded him in the livings of Weston Favell and Collingtree, near Northampton, the annual value of which amounted to 180l.

He was naturally of a very delicate constitution, which he weakened still more by his application to his studies; and having been for some time afflicted with a cramp and a hectic cough, he was seized with his last illness in the beginning of December, 1758, and expired on Christmas day of that year, in the 45th year of his age.

He discharged his duties as a minister of the gospel in such a manner as would have done honour to one of the primitive fathers, and his compassion to those in distress was unexampled. Great piety and goodness of heart were his distinguished qualities, and his works will ever be read with pleasure and admiration.

His death was consistent with what might have been expected from one who lived such a pious life; and he died repeating those words of good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Besides his Meditations among the Tombs, he wrote Reflections on a Flower Garden; a Descant on Creation; Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens; Theron and Aspasia, &c.

The profits arising from the sale of his works, together with the principal part of his income, he converted to the use of the distressed; and such was the extent of his benevolence, that after the expences of his funeral were discharged, his pecuniary possessions did not amount to 20 shillings.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT Of Banbury. &c.

BANBURY is a large and populous Town in the northern part of the County of Oxford, situated upon the declivity of a hill, and upon the western side of the river Cherwell, which here divides the counties of Oxford and Northampton.

Different authors have named different persons as the founders of Banbury. One asserts that Webba the son of Crida King of the Mercians built and fortified it during his peaceable reign about the Year 589.

Another says that Ida, the first king of Northumberland founded it in or near the year 560: but these accounts appear futile, and Banbury seems to have existed at a much earlier date. It was certainly one of the most eminent places in this County during the government of the Saxons and Danes, (if not the only place of note in the County,) which now includes a space of near 1300 years; and if we allow for its gradual rise to the eminence it then had arrived to, which upon the best evidence we can procure appears to be the case, we may safely date its origin many years prior to that period. Indeed there are few places, comparatively speaking, that can boast of greater Antiquity, or, what is much more to its honor, of attachment to the cause of its Country, and to Loyalty, in the various revolutions the state has experienced in the different periods of History, which it will be necessary to mention in the prosecution of this Work, should this attempt be honoured with the approbation of the public.

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In the decline of the Roman power, when Gratian succeeded to the Empire, he chose Flavius Magnus Theodosius, son of the great general of that name, to be his associate in the empire ; which exceedingly exasperated Maximus, who at this time had the chief command in Britain, and was a soldier of great experience. Maximus aspired to that dignity himself, and thought it disgraceful to serve under a person who was inferior to him in point of age and experience, and who also had been under his command. He complained loudly of his injuries to the army in Britain, by whom, and by the Natives also he was much esteemed, as he had prudently regulated their internal police, and effectually guarded them from the incursions of the SCOTS and PICTS, so that he became the Idol of the people. By his oratory he prevailed on his soldiers to proclaim him Emperor, and the flower of the British youth joined his standard, being determined to place their beloved Commander and Governor in the elevated situation he aspired to, or perish in the attempt. Elated at the thoughts of success, he passed over into Gaul, where his army received additional reinforcements, and obtained a signal victory over Gratian ; but experienced a sad reverse of fortune against Theodosius, by whom his army was entirely routed, and himself taken and slain.

This was an irreparable misfortune to the Britons, who were now left entirely undefended. Without an army to protect them internally, or a fleet to guard their coast, they became an easy prey to their barbarous enemies the SCOTS and PICTS : these, always ready to take every advantage offered them, either by the internal divisions of the Natives among themselves, or by any other misfortune or calamity which from time to time happened, made
con-

continual inroads among them, entering the Roman provinces with fire and sword, and in their rout committed the most horrid barbarities.

In these times of blood and rapine, Banbury (then called Bannersburgh, that is, the Bridge of Banners) and the adjacent country was not exempted from a share of the calamity. In the fifth century it was taken and sacked by these Barbarians, who penetrated as far as Hook-Norton; but the Inhabitants assembling and manfully fighting to defend their liberty and property, obliged them to desist from farther carnage, and to return with their booty. This is the first historical transaction relative to Banbury, or any place within 20 miles thereof, that we have been able to learn: what was the state of the Town, the number of Inhabitants, or of their invaders at this period, or the names of their commanders, cannot with any degree of certainty be adduced. We will however here present our readers with a short conjecture of the state of Banbury at this period, which, though conjecture only, may not perhaps be very far from the truth.

We will suppose then, that Banbury in the Year 400 was situated on a kind of an island, rather northward to where it now stands, (and where afterwards the Castle was erected,) surrounded with a ditch, broad and deep, by way of fortification. That it consisted of 200 huts or houses, one story high; the materials for building being concisely expressed by the low term WATTLE AND DAB. Inhabited chiefly by herdsmen, whose large droves of cattle fed in those fertile meadows on each side of the Cherwell, which was easily fordable near this place on account of the natural declivity of the ground both above and below where Banbury bridge now stands, which causes a sharp current and a shallow wa-

water. That the Inhabitants were strong and robust, slightly clothed, and inured to the weather in attending and feeding their cattle, and endeavouring to defend them from the common enemy. That every man of proper age was a soldier in cases of emergency, and that on such occasions they could turn 400 fighting men into the field—no contemptible force for one town, in those days, when conveniences for pasturage were the chief incitements for settling their habitations—but we will have done for the present with conjecture.

The unfortunate Britons after the departure of the Romans, often solicited their help; but were never able to obtain any permanent succour. Indeed the Romans at this time were not able to preserve themselves from invasion, for the Gauls poured such numbers, and with such impetuosity into Italy about the Year 406, as to sack even Rome itself. However they sent the Britons temporary reliefs from time to time upon their importunity, which were only a prolongation of their calamity: for at the departure of these legions sent to their aid, their enemies constantly renewed their incursions.

In one of their letters to the Romans for assistance, entitled "The Groans of the Britons", is this remarkable passage: "The Barbarians (say they) drive us toward the sea, the sea throws us back again upon the Barbarians; and we have only the wretched alternative left us of perishing by the sword or the waves".

At length they were impolitically induced to employ an army of Saxons for their protection, who defeated the SCOTS AND PICTS in several engagements. But from servants they soon became masters, and divided England into seven Kingdoms, styled the

the Saxon Heptarchy. These kingdoms were not all established at once, but singly, and with much bloodshed, as the treacherous Saxons were able to subdue the inhabitants or drive them from their territories. The Britons would not willingly relinquish their possessions, but fought manfully for their lives & fortunes; & in or near the year 540, being driven almost to despair, they assembled their whole force in order to revenge at one blow, all the calamities they had suffered from the Saxons; and advancing to Banbury Castle, divided their army into nine bodies, in order to assist and support each other as occasion might require; out of which they formed three regular lines, having the horse and archers upon the wings, after the manner of the Romans. In this order they were attacked by Kenric, the second king of the West-Saxons, and his son Ceaulin, at the head of the Saxon army; who, confided much in their boasted valor and discipline, and the advantage they had in point of weapons, being armed with swords and maces; yet the Britons who had only arrows and javelins, fought with such amazing courage and perseverance, that the fate of the day was for a long time doubtful, till at length, having sustained the battle the whole day, and weariness and the night coming on, the Saxon discipline prevailed: the Britons were routed with great slaughter, and after this Battle at Banbury, could never make so formidable a stand against the Saxon power, being driven from place to place; till at length those who would not entirely submit to the conquerors, took refuge in the mountains of Wales.

The above transactions plainly evince that BANBURY was strengthened with a Castle prior to the Year 540; for in the account historians give of this battle, Banbury Castle is particularly named. This

seemes to invalidate the assertion that Ida was the founder of the Town, or even of the Castle; as the kingdom of Northumberland, of which he was the first king, was not founded till six or seven years after this event. Nevertheless, on the other hand, Ida some years preceding this battle, in his excursions against the Britons, might penetrate as far as Banbury, and, in order to secure his conquests, strengthen it with a Castle. History certainly favors this plea; for we find that in the subsequent wars between the kings of Northumberland and Mercia, Banbury was always firmly attached to the former power, although Oxfordshire, and each of the surrounding counties belonged to Mercia.

We cannot but sincerely grieve for the impenetrable mist that envelops the history of this place for some ages after this period—during the continuance of the Saxon Heptarchy.—Historians in mentioning facts, without their concurrent circumstances, seem to have obscured instead of enlightening some particular points of history.

We are some times ready to conclude, that since the Saxon government, Banbury has certainly been removed by enchantment above an hundred miles southward from where it originally stood! how else can we reconcile to reason those passages that appear in most, if not in all the modern histories of England, respecting it. *viz.* That in the wars between the kings of Mercia and Northumberland, whenever the latter was worsted by the former, he was sure of finding refuge and protection in Banbury Castle, even against the force of a powerful and victorious army! Ida, as we before observed, founded his kingdom in or near the Year 547, Mercia was not founded by Crida till 582 or 584. In this interval of more than 30 years it cannot be
 objected

objected but Banbury might belong to the former kingdom: but the Mercian territories extended as far as the Humber, having Banbury in the centre, or rather farther than the centre from the Northumbrians: that prince must therefore travel over a large extent of country belonging to the Mercians before he could arrive at his place of refuge.

This seems improbable, nay, almost impossible! — We confess ourselves at a loss to clear this point, and must leave it to the consideration of those who are more learned and curious in antique history, and proceed in stating our account as we find it recorded by the most authentic historians.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANBURY
MISCELLANY.

SIR.

I Promise myself much entertainment from your intended publication, "The BANBURY MISCELLANY" not only from the particular account you propose giving of that ancient and honourable Town, but also from the various anecdotes, transactions, &c. that will doubtless occur from the different Villages within the circuit of twenty miles. Must it not be an infinite pleasure to each refined inhabitant of these Villages, to reflect that he will now have an opportunity, through the channel of your Magazine, (as you propose inserting miscellaneous matter,) of transmitting to his posterity every remarkable history anecdote, circumstance, transaction, or occurrence, that has happened in the Village in the course of his own remem-

remembrance, or that have been handed down to him by tradition from his ancestors, many of which must be forgotten if some such method of preserving them be not adopted? This being the case, I persuade myself you will soon be supplied with abundance of materials for your undertaking: for as the publication will be confined to so small a part of the Country, each circumstance respecting any PART of that PART must be in some measure interesting to individuals residing in it, who are generally acquainted and have daily communication with each other.

I have heard it insinuated by some, that such a publication in the Country cannot be long supported with credit for want of new and interesting occurrences: but I am of a contrary opinion, which indeed I have partly discovered above: and as has been already suggested, will it not be a reproach to the Country if Banbury and its vicinity for 20 miles when united together cannot produce sufficient literary abilities to support one small periodical work? I cannot admit such a thought! but shall rather presume that all persons within the circuit mentioned, will contribute their endeavours to support your Miscellany. That the pious Divine, commendably warm for the good of his cure, will there exhort them to pursue the paths of TRUTH. That the Physician, equally desirous of doing good, will there display his healing knowledge.

That there also, the tender Lover in soft flowing verse, with all humility will present his mistress with an earnest of his affection. And these productions being mostly distinguished by the real names and places of abode of their respective authors, who will in general be personally known to the readers, will no doubt be read with avidity and pleasure.

And

And for your comfort, Mr. EDITOR, I prophesy that each inhabitant within the circuit of your Miscellany, who can read, will purchase one: for what artificer or labourer is there who cannot without the least inconvenience spare one farthing per week, especially when he shall understand that the work will occasionally refer to persons and things under his own immediate knowledge, and for whom perhaps he has conceived a tender regard.

There are many Noblemen's and Gentlemen's seats within a few miles of Banbury, descriptions of which, by ingenious persons who reside in or near them, you must endeavour to obtain. This, in my humble opinion, would be a valuable treat to your readers. I am myself, I confess, ~~always~~ delighted with such descriptions; especially when I am somewhat beforehand acquainted with the object in review.

My short residence in Bloxham will not allow me at present to give you any particular history, or description of valuable curiosity relative thereto. You will however occasionally, if you think this worthy of insertion, be troubled with my remarks, as circumstances occur. I shall therefore conclude this extensive letter, which I at first intended should have been a concise one, with an enigmatical list of gentlemen's names in Bloxham, to be answered in your next Miscellany. For a list of the ladies, I refer you to the young connoisseurs in beauty, who will be happy to testify their devotion, to the fair objects of their contemplation; and am, wishing every success to your laudable design,

Your most obedient

and very humble servant,

BLOXHAM: }

MAY 20th, 1789. }

T.

W.

L.

1. Four-fifths of to reckon, and three-ninths of a truth.
2. Two-thirds of a portion of light, and part of a fashionable carriage.
3. Three-fourths of a typical appellation of our SAVIOR, and half a capital city in Holland.
4. Diminution of length.
5. An useful kitchen utensil, a consonant, and two-thirds of what we all too often do.
6. A province in France.
7. Three-eighths of an Indian philosopher, a consonant, and a well known industrious insect.
8. A testament, and two-fourths or two sixths of Great Britain.
9. Half a clown, a serpentine letter, and a measure.
10. A disagreeable sensation opposed to pleasure.
11. Three-fourths of a game animal, a canine letter, and two-sixths of one of the greater prophets.
12. A Town in Warwickshire.

In compliance with our foregoing correspondent's advice and request, we here present our readers with a description of **BLLENHEIM**, from the elegant pen of **THE REV. MR. MAJOR**, Master of the Academy, Woodstock; extracted from the end of his poem lately published, Price 2s. 6d. entitled **BLLENHEIM**, which we have read with much pleasure.

Descriptions

✂ Descriptions of this nature from other parts of this country, for our succeeding Numbers, will be esteemed favors.

TH E palace or castle of Blenheim, one of the most magnificent piles of architecture in this kingdom, and perhaps in the whole world, stands in a most delightful situation, and salubrious air, within half a mile of the borough of Woodstock : being about eight miles distant from Oxford, and sixty-four from London. It was built at the public expence, in the reign of Queen Anne ; by whom, with the concurrence of parliament, it was conferred, together with the annexed demesnes, on the most illustrious John Duke of Marlborough, as a testimony of royal favour, and national gratitude, for his transcendent services, and the many signal victories he had gained over the French and Bavarians ; particularly that near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, from which this noble palace receives its name. This victory being atchieved on the second day of August 1704, it was enacted that, on the same day of every year for ever, the inheritors of his grace's honours and titles should render to her majesty, and her heirs and successors, one standard, or colours, with three fleur-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services due to the crown.

The architect of Blenheim was Sir John Vanbrugh ; who, though he has perhaps been justly blamed for a heaviness in his general designs, must at least stand acquitted in this instance ; when it is considered, that strength and durability were principal objects to be regarded in a pile intended to remain a monument of British valour, and British generosity, till the remotest periods of time.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, we find both the plan and execution excellently adapted to answer those momentous purposes ; and while the more modern and showy fabrics are only the boast of an age, Blenheim seems calculated to stand uninjured by the lapse of years, and to excite the admiration of foreigners, as well as natives, in proportion as it is better known.

From Woodstock, the usual approach, we enter the park through a triumphal arch, or spacious portal, erected to the memory of John Duke of Marlborough, by Sarah his Dutches.

On entering the park, one of the most beautiful prospects in nature discloses itself to our view. The palace appears in front : on the left, part of the borough of Woodstock, particularly the tower, the rectory, and the houses of Mrs. Cotterel and Mrs. Pryse, from which the views are charmingly picturesque : and, on the right, a broad and spacious canal, intersected, but not terminated, by a superb bridge ; a lofty column on the rising ground ; a delightful valley ; and hills, covered with shady trees, groves, and plantations ; all conspire to strike the eye of taste with an irresistible charm. At a small distance from this portal, towards the right, is the Centrum Phonicum, or Speaker's Place, of remarkable polysyllabical articulate echo ; which, according to Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, will distinctly repeat seventeen syllables in a calm day, and in the night twenty. However, the demolition of the ancient palace, which stood on the brow of the opposite hill, the extension of the lake, or some other latent cause, has diminished the powers of this surprising echo ; but still a very distinct polysyllabical echo may be heard by a speaker stationed near an old cypress-tree between Rosamond's Well and the bridge ; and it is nothing unusual for those who
are

are acquainted with this circumstance, to compliment the vocal nymph with a *How DO YOU DO?* which is speedily returned with amazing exactness of articulation.

Advancing forward, we arrive at the eastern gate of Blenheim, by which we enter a quadrangle, consisting of offices: and from thence we proceed into the area, where the north front, opens to our view; a noble piece of architecture, three hundred and forty eight feet from wing to wing, and highly ornamented, particularly in the centre.

This is the grand approach; and to it we are properly conducted over the valley, through which the canal winds, by a most magnificent bridge, constructed in the stile of the Rialto at Venice, the diameter of whose centre arch is one hundred feet.

Beyond this, in a direct line, and on a considerable eminence, stands a stately column, one hundred and thirty feet in height; on the top of which is a statue of the immortal John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; and, on it's pedestal, his eminent achievements, and the acts of the British parliament in his favour, are fully inscribed. On the side facing Blenheim his character is thus delineated, as is supposed, by Lord Bolingbroke—

The Castle of **BLENHEIM** was founded by Queen Anne,
 In the Fourth Year of her Reign,
 In the Year of the Christian *Æra*
 One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five.
 A Monument designed to perpetuate the Memory of
 the Signal Victory
 Obtained over the *French and Bavarians*,
 Near the Village of **BLENHEIM**,
 On the Banks of the *Danube*,

C

By

By JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH,
 The Hero not only of his Nation, but of his age;
 Whose Glory was equal in the Council and in the
 Field;
 Who by Wisdom, Justice, Candour, and Address,
 Reconciled various, and even opposite, Interests;
 acquired an Influence
 Which no Rank, no Authority, can give,
 Not any Force, but that of superior Virtue:
 Became the fixed, important Centre,
 Which united, in one common Cause,
 The principal States of EUROPE;
 Who, by military Knowledge, & irresistible Valour,
 In a long Series of uninterrupted Triumphs,
 Broke the Power of FRANCE
 When raised the highest, when exerted the most:
 Rescued the EMPIRE from Desolation;
 Asserted, and confirmed the Liberties of EUROPE.

(To be continued.)

OF MEN AND WOMEN.

From Dr. PLOT'S History of OXFORDSHIRE,
 Chapter 8th. First PRINTED, in 1677.

THE subject matter of this Chapter being very narrow, extending itself only to Man, whom God created Male and Female, and them only in his own Image, little lower then the Angels: It cannot be expected, that the methods of the other Chapters can be observed here, there being no new species of Men to be produced, or not sufficiently noted already. All therefore that remains concerning them to be handled here, will be only the unusual Accidents that have attended them, whereof, though

I have not met with over many in this County, yet they are enough to be distributed into such as have attended them,

either { *at or before their birth,*
in their course of life.
in their death or grave.

2. Before the birth of Man, the Vagitus uterinus, or crying of the child in the mothers womb, is not ordinarily to be met with, though we find many examples of the thing in Authors, to which may be added one more that lately happened at Heyford Purcel, where there was a child cryed very audibly in its mothers womb sometime before the birth. For the performance of which action, whether there be a necessity of the Infants having respiration whilst included in the Amnion ; or whether it may not be done without it ? let the Physicians dispute : The matter of fact sufficeth me at present that there was such a thing, the people being frightened with it, and expecting some calamity should soon attend such a Prodigy, pernicious (forsooth) not only to the Place where heard, but to the State itself. Whereas the learned Bartholin more rightly notes, that the ruin of Kingdoms depends rather on the wickedness of the people, living in contempt of God & his Laws, than any such vagitus ; which portends nothing but happiness to the Infant, the Mother, and State itself : To the Infant, in that it is an Index of its strength, and perfection of Organs ; To the Mother, in the certainty that her child is living, & likely to promote its own exit ; To the State, which is likely to be blest with an able subject.

So that if any thing amiss fall out after such Vagitus, it must be imputed rather to chance than design

of nature : Let us but mend our lives, and no such matters can hurt us.

3. In the birth of man it is equally strange, that the pangs of the woman in the exclusion of the child have sometimes affected the Abdomen of the husband which yet to such as have experimented the secrecy of sympathies, & understand the subtilty and power of effluvioms, perhaps may not seem difficult : But that the man should sometimes suffer such pains, whilst the woman is well, and before she is in labor, is a problem I fear beyond all hopes of solution. And yet that this has happen'd to some persons in Oxford is very certain, & that to knowing ones too, very unlikely to be deceived, and of unquestionable veracity : whereof one of them told me (whom I enquired of more particularly concerning them) that they came upon him when he little thought of his wife, and that the pangs were very odd ones, such as he never felt in his life ; not like any griping in the guts, but lying in the muscles of the Abdomen, which yet he should never have thought to have had relation to his wife, had they not suddenly, and beyond expectation ceased, as soon as his wife began to be in labor. Which makes much for the credit of a relation of the German Virtuosi, concerning one Faber of Buxovil in Alsatia, who constantly acted the part of his pregnant wife, being taken with vomitings, and suffering those inordinate longings that usually attend women in that condition, his wife all the while suffering no such inconveniencies.

4 That such symptoms should be thus translated from the woman to the man, the woman remaining well and undisturbed, Dr. Primirose thought so irrational (upon account that natural Agents first work on the nearest objects, and then on the remotest, and that therefore a woman must needs be first affected with

with her own noxious humors) that he look'd upon it as no better than a ridiculous error, as indeed I think I should have done my self, but that I am otherwise persuaded by sober men, who well know how to distinguish the manner of the pangs, and the circumstances of them: Nor should I have ventured to have made this relation, but that the persons are living, and ready to justify what I have written to any person fit to be discours'd with about such matters: but how they should come to pass, is so hard to determine, that I dare not attempt it, it being difficult not to err concerning such mysteries of Nature.

5. That women may bring forth three at a birth appears evidently by the example of the Horatii, and Curiatii; to whom may be added, though of unequal rank, the three children of a Taylor here in Oxford, which he had all at a birth. But to go above that number says Pliny, is reputed and commonly spoken off as monstrous, and to portend some mis-hap: for confirmation whereof, he instances in a Commoners wife of Ostia, who was delivered at one birth of two boys and two girls: but this, says he, was a most prodigious token, & portended no doubt the famine that ensued soon after: i. e. It pleased God to visit those parts with famine about that time, there being no more dependence between the famine and the preceding birth, than there is between the wars, Plagues, & Famines, that sometimes follow Comets; there having been (no question) as many of them, to which nothing extraordinary has been subsequent, as to which there has: and so of Births.

6. Witness the four children brought all at a time by Elenor the wife of Henry Deven of Watlington, An. 1675. since which time we have yet lived (thanks be to God) in as great health, peace and plenty, under our good and gracious King, as ever

People did, which God of his mercy continue to us; whom if we serve in sincerity, performing unto Him an honest, faithful, and uniform obedience (though 'tis true our best performances will be mixed with much of weakness, ignorance, frailties, and recidivations) we need never to fear the influence of any such accidents, though they much exceed the ordinary course of nature.

7. The same Pliny informs us, that many men indeed have begotten children at sixty or eighty years old : for which he instances in Volusius Saturninus who on Dame Cornelia, of the lineage of the Scipio's begat Volusius Saturninus (who afterward was Consul) at sixty two years old and upwards. Cato Cenforius, says the same Pliny (ancestor to Cato who slew himself at Utica) begat a son on the daughter of Salonius his Vassal, after he was past 80 years of age : and King Massinissa, another, whom he called Methymathnus, when he was eighty six. But as to women, he is positive that they are past child-bearing at fifty, & that for the most part they stop at forty.

8. But I met with an instance at Shutford near Banbury, that proves him plainly mistaken, where I saw and spoke with one Catharine Taylor, that had a son then living and lusty, in the sixtieth year of her age, which was testified also to me by many there about. And I have since heard of one Goodwife Harvey of Smithengreen, in the Parish of Leigh, within three miles of Worcester, that is now with child in her sixty third year, which are instances wonderful rare, and scarce heard of in other Countries ; though we are informed indeed by Dr. Boate, that amongst the women in Ireland, there are several found who do not only retain their Catamenia, but even their fruitfulness, above the age of fifty, & some till that of sixty years ; whereof he tells us,
his

his brother knew some, who being above threescore years old, did not only conceive and bring forth children but nursed them, & brought them up with their own milk: which also as we are acquainted by Gul. Piso, is very common in Brasil.

9. As in the child bearing of women, and the accidents attending it, I have met with also somewhat extraordinary in their growth, which must be ranked among the accidents that have befallen the sex during their course of life; and such is the growth of one Philippa French, born at Milcomb in this County, now six or seven & thirty years of age, & a married woman, having all her parts proportionable, and of good symmetry, yet wanting half an inch of a yard in height: which is somewhat lower than Manius Maximus, or M. Tullius, who as Varro reports, were each but two cubits high, and yet they were Gentlemen and Knights of Rome: but higher than Conopas the Dwarf of Julia, Niece to Augustus, who as Pliny tells us, was but two foot high and a hand breadth; but he tells us not whether Conopas were at his full growth, or had good symmetry of parts like our Philippa, it being common enough for persons to be very low of stature, when either their Bodies are awry, or some of their parts disproportionate to the rest.

10. And amongst such accidents as these, we may reckon a strange disease that befel Mary the daughter of Joh. Collier of Burford, who out of the corners of her eyes excluded a sort of congealed matter, which after some time turned into a stony kind of substance, not unlike the stones, as they were ascribed to me, that sometimes come forth of the tumor called Atheroma: which I therefore guess to have been only a more exalted kind of Ægilops, or fistula lachrymalis, and not to have been caused by fascination,

nation, as Lachmund thinks the stones were that came forth of the left eye of Margaret the daughter of Conrad Brandis of Banteln, she being cured of the disease by that eminent Oculist Dr. Turbervil. of Sarum.

II. Yet a much stranger accident than that befel one Rebeckah Smith, the Servant-maid of one Thomas White of Minster Lovel, who being of a robust constitution, though she seldom eat flesh (it scarce agreeing with her) and above 50 years of age; after she came from the Communion on Palm-sunday, April 16. Anno 1671. was taken with such a dryness in her throat, that she could not swallow her spittle, nor any thing else to supply the decays of nature: and in this case she continued without eating or drinking, to the amazement of all, for about ten weeks, viz. to the 29 of June, being both St. Peters, and Witney-fair day: by which time being brought very low, her master enquired and found out a person who gave him an Amulet (for it was supposed she was bewitch'd) against this evil; after the application whereof, within two or three days time (though I dare not suppose there was any dependence between the medicine & disease) she first drank a little water, then warm broths in small quantities at a time, and nothing else till Palm-sunday again twelve months after, when she began to eat bread & other food again as formerly she had done, and is now about the age of sixty, and still living at the same place ready to testify the truth of the thing, as well as Tho. White and his wife who were all that lived in the house with her, and will confidently assert (for they carefully observed) that they do not believe she ever took any thing in those ten weeks time, nor any thing more all the year following but what was above-mentioned: wherein I think they
may

may the rather be credited, because there was never any advantage made of this wonder, which argues it clear of all juggle or design.

12. Concerning the death of women, we have two as remarkable examples, as any perhaps to be met with in History, both of them being confirmations of what Pliny says of them, that they much more frequently revive after they have been reputed dead, then males do, whence doubtless also the Proverb, *mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem*. Of which recoveries of the female sex rather then the male, the same Pliny offers us a natural reason, but I think fit to wave it, especially since the reviviscence of Anne Green, innocently condemned to die, and executed at Oxford for the murder of an abortive Infant, is rather ascribed to the Justice of Heaven, than to the strength or other conveniencies of nature for such purpose in woman rather than man, though it must also be allowed, that God Himself makes use many times of natural means in production of the most wonderful, most amazing effects. The History whereof, as it is taken out of a Chronicle of the late Civil Wars, by James Heath Gentleman, and the continuation of the History of the World, by Dionysius Petavius, with some few additions and alterations, take as followeth.

13. In the year 1650, this Anne Green, being a Servant-maid of the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Read of Duns Tew in Oxfordshire, was gotten with child by some servant, or other of the family (as she constantly affirmed when she had little reason to lye) & through over-working herself in turning of malt, fell in travel about the fourth month of her time : But being but a young wench, and not knowing what the matter might be, repairs to the house of easement, where after some straining, the child (scarce above a span long, of what sex not to be distinguish'd) fell

fell from her unawares. Now presently after, there appearing signs of some such matter in the linen where she lay, and she before having confest, that she had been guilty of what might occasion her being with child, a search instantly was made, and the Infant found on the the top of the ordure.

14. Whereupon, within three days after her delivery, she was conveyed to the Castle at Oxford, where forthwith (an Assize being purchased on purpose) she was arraigned before Serjeant Umpton Croke, then living but at Marston, who sat as Judge by a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and by him sentenced to be hanged; which was accordingly executed on the fourteenth of December in the Castle-yard, where she hung about half an hour, being pulled by the legs, & struck on the breast (as she herself desired) by divers of her friends; & after all, had several strokes given her on the stomach with the but-end of a Soldiers-Musket. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away to a house to be dissected, where when they opened it, notwithstanding the rope still remained unloosed, & straight about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise; whereupon one Mason a Taylor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her breast and belly; & as some say, one Orum a Soldier struck her again with the but-end of his musket.

15. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and ingenious, Sir William Petty, then Anatomy Professor of the University, Dr. Willis, & Dr. Clark now President of Magdalen College, & Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery, by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and causing another to go into bed to her; also using divers remedies

medies respecting her senselessness, head, throat, and Breast, insomuch that within 14 hours, she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily.

16. During the time of this her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution, would needs have had her away again to have compleated it on her: but by the mediation of the worthy Doctors, and some other Friends, with the then Governor of the City; Colonel Kelsey, there was a guard set upon her to hinder all further disturbance, till he had sued out her pardon from the Powers then in being; thousands of people in the mean time coming to see her, and magnifying the just Providence of God in thus asserting her innocency of murder.

17. After some time Dr. Petty hearing she had discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen, during the time she seemed to be dead (which they already had begun to do, telling about that she said, she had been in a fine green meadow, having a River running round it, and that all things there glittered like silver and gold) he caused all to depart the room but the Gentlemen of the Faculty, who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense & apprehensions during the time she was hanged.

18. To which she answered at first somewhat impertinently, talking as if she had been then to suffer. And when they spake unto her concerning her miraculous deliverance, she answered, that she hoped God would give her patience, and the like: Afterward, when she was better recovered, she affirmed, that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off, how she went out of the Prison; when she was turned off the ladder, whether any Psalm

was lung or not, nor was she sensible of any pains that she could remember : what is most observable is, that she came to herself as if she had awakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner all together, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

19. Being thus at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God, & the persons instrumental in it, she retired into the Country to her friends at Stoeple-Barton, where she was afterwards married, and lived in good repute amongst her Neighbours, having three Children afterwards, and not dying as I am informed till the year 1659. Which occurrence being thought worthy of remembrance by the Author of the continuation of the History of the World, by Dionysius Petavius, who esteemed it no less then the finger of God pointing out the Maids innocency ; and by Mr. Heath, who thought fit to transmit it to posterity for Gods glory, and mans caution in judging and punishing. It would have been a great omission in me to have passed it by untouched.

20. Not long after, viz. in the year 1658. Elizabeth the servant of one Mrs. Cope of Magdalen Parish Oxon, was indicted at the City Sessions for killing her bastard child, and putting it in the house of office ; of which being convicted, she was condemned to die, and accordingly was hanged at green-ditch, the place appointed for the execution of the City malefactors, where she hung so long, that one of the by-standers scrupled not to say, if she were not dead, he would be hanged for her : hereupon being cut down (the gallows being very high) she fell with such violence on the ground, that it would have been enough to have been the death of many another person, only to have had such a fall. Being thus cut down, she was put into a coffin and brought to the
George

George Inn in Magdalen Parish aforesaid, which when opened, they found perfect life in her, as in the former: whereupon breathing a vein, and putting her to bed with another young wench by her, she came quickly to herself, and might no question have lived also many years after; but having no friends to appear for her, she was barbarously dragg'd the night following by the order of one Mallory then one of the Bayliffs of the City, to Gloucester-green, and there drawn up over one of the arms of the Trees, and hang'd a second time till she was dead.

21. After what concerns women solitarily consider'd, who according to the courtesy of England, have always the first place, come we next to treat of things unusual that concern women and men jointly together; amongst which I think we may reckon many ancient Customs still retained here, abolish'd and quite lost in most other Counties: such as that of Running at the Quinten, Quintain, or Quintel, so called from the Latin (Quintus) because says Minshew, it was one of the Ancient Sports used every fifth year amongst the Olympian games, used on the fifth or last day of the Olympicks. How the manner of it was then I do not find, but now it is thus.

22. They first set a Post perpendicularly into the ground, and then place a slender piece of Timber on the top of it on a spindle, with a board nailed to it on one end, and a bag of sand hanging at the other; against this board they anciently rode with spears; now as I saw it at Deddington in this County, only with strong staves, which violently bringing about the bag of sand, if they make not good speed away it strikes hem in the neck or shoulders, and sometimes perhaps knocks them from their horses; the great design of the sport being to try the agility both of horse & man, and to break the board, which whoever does, for that time accounted Princeps Juventutis.

The Story of ORPHEUS and EURYDICE,

*Translated from Virgil's 4th Georgic: commencing with
the Answer of Proteus to the Shepherd Aristæus,
who went to enquire the Cause of his present calamities.*

THE present Ills the wrathful Gods despenſe,
A ſmall atonement for thy great offence :
Sad Orpheus, by thy guilt unhappy made,
Now loads with curſes thy devoted head,
And, if the Fates permit, entails through life
An ampler vengeance for his raviſh'd wife.
The youthful Bride, ill-fated ! from thee flew,
And took the path which by the river drew,
Nor ſaw the monſter ſerpent in her way,
That kept the banks, and in the ſedges lay.
But all her Siſter-Dryads mourn'd her fate,
And lofty mountains the ſad notes repeat ;
The Thracian hills, the land of Rhesus moan,
Hebrus and Athens answer groan for groan.
But Orpheus on the lonely ſhore reclin'd ;
His plaintive wild-harp ſooth'd his love-ſick mind ;
Thy charms, ſweet Bride, alone employ'd his tongue,
Thou wert his morning theme, and thou his evening ſong !

Even hell's dire paſſage too he dar'd to prove,
And the dark horrors of the gloomy grove ;
Approach'd the Infernal Powers, nor fear'd to go
To the grim Monarch of the ſhades below ;
Thoſe minds inflexible to human woe. }
From hell's deep Caves unbodied ſhadows throng,
And gliding ſpectres to attend his ſong :
Thick as the flocking birds to forreſts fly,
When driv'n by evening or a low'ring ſky :

Men,

Men, matrons, maids, with equal haste advance,
 And sportive children round the Poet dance;
 Heroes that scorn'd a fleeting life to prize,
 And youths entomb'd before their parents' eyes.
 Round these his muddy waves Cocytus leads,
 Whose dismal banks are fring'd with filthy reeds;
 The baleful lake with sluggish waters bounds,
 And nine times winding Styx the horrid realm sur-
 rounds.

Th' infernal mansions heard the pleasing sound,
 And all their caverns the sweet notes rebound;
 Profoundest Tartarus with the song was charm'd,
 The snakey Furies of their rage disarm'd,
 And gaping Cerberus ceas'd his triple roar,
 And Ixion turns his whirling Orb no more.

And now returning, all the dangers past,
 His lov'd Eurydice restor'd at last;
 He first, she following, fought the light of heaven:
 (For such the law that Proserpine had given)
 When sudden frenzy seiz'd the lover's mind,
 A fault indeed that might forgiveness find,
 If hell knew pity, or could once be kind: }
 Just as the glimmering of the light he saw,
 O'ercome by love, alas! nor mindful of the law,
 On his dear Bride a backward look he cast,
 And all his hopes were in a moment past.
 Three groans proclaim'd the broken terms around,
 And the slow rivers roll'd through Erebus the sound.
 "Who, or what frenzy hath undone, said she,
 "O Orpheus! both thyself and wretched me?
 "Now me the cruel Fates to realms of night,
 "Remand, and slumbers close my swimming sight.
 "And now farewell: drag'd back to yonder shore,
 "And with thick shades of darkness compass'd o'er, }
 "I stretch these hands to thee, ah, thine no more!

She said, and instant vanish'd from his eyes,
 Like smoke dissolving in the breezy skies ;
 Nor saw him more ; what vain efforts he made
 To speak, to call, to grasp the fleeting shade :
 Nor more would Charon suffer him to take
 His passage 'cross the intervening lake.
 What should he do ? where turn him ? twice his love
 Was snatch'd away, nor could he hope to move,
 With prayers or tears th' infernal powers ; his bride
 Now a cold shade, was on the Stygian Tide.
 For seven continued months 'tis said he lay,
 And mourn'd his sad misfortunes night and day,
 Beneath a rock by Strymon's desert waves ;
 Or sung his sorrows in the frigid caves ;
 Hard oaks came dancing to the tuneful song,
 And soft'ned tygers round the Poet throng.
 So Philomel, beneath a poplar shade,
 Mourns her lost young-ones from the nest convey'd
 By some rough clown, ere yet prepar'd for flight ;
 But she, sad songster, wails throughout the night ;
 Perch'd on a bough renews her doleful strains,
 And fills with sad complaints the woods and plains.
 No loves, no nuptial rites his passion mov'd :
 O'er Hyperborean Ice alone he rov'd,
 The frozen streams of snowy Tanais cross'd,
 And fields that ever know Rhiphoean frost ;
 Still did of lost Eurydice complain,
 And Pluto's gift, alas ! bestow'd in vain.
 The Thracian matrons, with the youth displeas'd
 For slighted nuptial rites, with fury seiz'd
 'Mid their nocturnal Orgies, him they tore,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the shore.
 Even when his head from his fair neck was torn,
 And down the middle tide of Hebrus borne,
 With his last breath his hapless bride he nam'd,
 The voice itself Eurydice proclaim'd,

Eudyrice,

"Eudyrice" the tongue now shivering cried ;
The banks along the stream "Eurydice" replied.

BANBURY.

L————

THE SICK LION.

A F A B L E.

"**T**HE LION's sick ;" the dread report
Soon flies like lightning round the court :
Fame spreads the tidings o'er the nation,
And all was fear and consternation.
The crowd repeat th' opinion over,
"Tis said he never can recover."

Now haste the greater and the lesser
To pay their court to his successor :
Beasts of all principles and parts,
With eager hopes and selfish hearts,
Forget their loyalty, and run
To bow before the rising sun.

The council sitting at the helm
Conven'd th' assembly of the realm :
The stately BULL, a faithful servant,
In his attachment true and fervent,
That long had ably serv'd the state,
Presided in the grand debate.

That noble animal the HORSE,
With gen'rous pride, resistless force,
(The young in vice, and young in years)
Supremely shone above his peers.
His shoulders had upheld the state,
When others sunk beneath the weight ;

But tho' its honors he maintain'd,
 Its gilded trappings were disdain'd.
 Above the reach of sordid views,
 He scorn'd the tricks that courtiers use ;
 Yet, pointed out by public voice,
 His merit won the LION's choice,
 And serv'd to place him where he stood,
 To labour for the public good.

Th' assembly met, their grief express,
 (In such a cause, what could they less)
 And jointly their resolves declare,
 To compliment the *royal heir*,
 And, till the LION was restor'd,
 Appoint him for the ruling lord.

All who their king and country lov'd,
 The loyal and the wise approv'd ;
 But guided by a mad ambition,
 Some recreant beasts of low condition,
 And hateful in the public view,
 Thought other measures to pursue :
 And raise themselves to pow'r and place,
 In spite of odium and disgrace.

For this before, with artful care,
 They strove to gain the *Prince's* ear,
 And lur'd him with incessant wiles
 To live on pleasure's dang'rous smiles ;
 Estrang'd from all the good and wise,
 And lower'd in the nation's eyes.

'Mongst these the crafty FOX was first,
 Who ev'ry bond of faith had burst ;
 Form'd close connexions sought him friends,
 And us'd them for his private ends.
 Nor satisfy'd with depredations
 Among his neighbours and relations,
 (When oft to gain himself a dinner,
 He made the lambs and poultry thinner)

He

He long'd to rule above the flock,
 And fatten on the public stock.
 He therefore flatter'd, cring'd, and bow'd,
 And paid his homage to the croud,
 And rose to pow'r; but soon disgrace
 O'ertook him, and he lost his place.
 Ever since oppress'd with discontent,
 He sought occasion for its vent,
 And rail'd at all who dar'd make known
 Opinions diff'rent from his own.

The APE was next, of all the train
 A beast the most unwisely vain;
 Expert at flatt'ing all caprices,
 And imitating other's vices.
 Of birth obscure, his narrow means
 Forc'd him to hide behind the scenes;
 There show his talents and his parts,
 And practise all his mimic arts.
 Fond of the praise his tricks obtain'd,
 His ardor could no more be rein'd;
 Resolving to expend his rage
 Against the court, and leave the stage;
 Commence a patriot, courtiers blaming.
 And mend his fortune by declaiming.

The spotted LEOPARD next was found,
 A learned beast, of skill profound;
Sublime and beautiful he spoke,
 Whene'er his thoughts requir'd a cloke;
 And provid'd as clear as day from night,
 That right was wrong, and wrong was right.
 At court he seldom would appear,
 Except when interest drew him there:
 He loving, by his own remark,
 A pleasant prospect in a park.

Such were the leaders of the band,
 Who their own exaltation plan'd,

And

And many more combin'd their force,
To thwart the counsel of the HORSE,
In hopes to share the splendid spoil,
If they his projects could but foil.

Soon as they hear'd th' intended plan,
A murmur thro' the party ran ;
The whole assembly was divided,
And argu'd as occasion guided.

The Fox uprising in his Place,
Spoke his opinion of the case.
"What need," said he, "of long debate,
In this dilemma of the state ?

The least reflection sure evinces
The regal pow'r is now the Prince's ;
Tis his by an *inherent right*,
And settled in our own despite.
Our laws our maxims this declare,
When fails the sire to crown the heir ;
No matter whether *sick* or *dead*,
Incapable to rule as head ;
The heir by right of due succession
Directly enters on possession.

Then let him reign, and guide the whole,
Without *restriction* or *controul* ;
And we his servants who obey
Shall feel th' advantage of his sway."

Now fierce contentions twixt them rose,
Some join the Fox, and some oppose ;
But all who lov'd the LION, stand
A phalanx strong, a loyal band,
Unmov'd, and stedfast to maintain
His royal rights, and guard his reign.
Thus while both sides exert their strength,
And opposition goes its length,
A sudden shout was heard on high,
A shout that seem'd to rend the sky :

"The

" The LION, our lamented lord,
 " Again to bless us is restor'd."
 Fir'd at the sound, with loud acclaim
 Each loyal tongue repeats the name;
 The crest-fall'n party sneak away,
 And hide them from the face of day.

BANBURY: }
 MAY 30th, 1789 }

P. R.

A R E C E I P T.

TO FORM A MODERN FINE LADY.

YOU must first, my fair pupil, resign all pretence
 To those old-fashion'd beauties—Discretion
 and Sense;

Let your converse be such as was once thought unfit,
 And you'll soon be accounted polite, and a wit.

When by those of inferior rank you're address'd,
 By a toss of your head be your breeding express'd:
 Or if you would add to their shame and disgrace,
 First turn up your nose, and then laugh in their face.

If twenty admirers should after you run,
 Coquette with them all, but be constant to none:
 For, believe me you ne'er can be thought of the ton,
 If your smiles you bestow on one lover alone.

Make a jest, my dear Sophia, of all that is grave;

For who, but a parson, a fool, or a knave,

Would ever be serious—'Tis quite unpolite

For fine Ladies to think: let those who delight

In sober reflection, and study, pursue

Their fav'rite plan—'twould be monstrous in you.

But,

But, whenever you wish a dull hour to kill,
 You may read new romances, or Hboyle, if you will;
 Since none to politeness can ever pretend,
 Who play not at cards: your very best friend
 Would fear to acknowledge, that even she knew
 A creature so void of politeness as you.
 As English is chatter'd by each country wench
 You must learn, by all means, that sweet language,
 the French.

If you wish like a Christian to walk, or to dance,
 Apply to Monsieur de la Caper from France;
 He'll teach you to hop a-la-mode de Paris:
 Let your head-dress be modell'd by monsieur Toupee,
 For English friseurs can do nothing aright,
 They'd make e'en the lovely Miss—a fright,
 But Monsieur Toupee, or Monsieur a la Friz,
 A beauty can make of the homeliest phyz.
 Where nature no roses or lilies bestows,
 Kind art will supply both the lily and rose;
 And what is now practis'd by each modern dame,
 Can hardly be thought of a sin or a shame.
 Then let pallid beauty to Civet's repair,
 Who sells what will make her both blooming & fair.
 There, too, if she pleases, the charmer may buy
 Perfumes which e'en those of Arabia outvie:
 All these, my dear Sophia, fail not to procure
 What mortal a nymph void of sweets can endure!
 Your Dress (since Lunardi has flown towards the moon)
 Must in every part bear the name of Balloon;
 Tho', perhaps, it no greater resemblance may wear,
 Then a horse to an egg-shell, or you to a bear.
 But, hold—I am hurrying, out of my sphere:
 And shall therefore conclude with requesting, my dear,
 You would carefully follow each rule laid before you;
 Then, tho' brutes may despise, every beau will adore
 you.

EUGENIO.
 THE

T H E

AGREEABLE SURPRISE

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH an hawthorn I was laid,
 T' enjoy its cool and fragrant shade,
 My eye-lids clos'd in sleep;
 Dalinda chanc'd that way to rove,
 Dalinda, queen of yonder grove,
 Led by her wandring sheep.

2. Her stature as the poplar strait,
 Majestic graceful in her gait,
 Her eyes surpass the foe;
 Her teeth are form'd of ivory,
 Her cheeks the rose-bud's sweets outvie,
 Complexion made of snow.

3. Contentment sits upon her face,
 O'er which good nature throw's a grace,
 Of blooming excellence;
 Meekness resides within her breast,
 Hope lulls each rising care to rest,
 Secure in innocence.

4. Humbly ador'd by ev'ry swain,
 The pride, the glory of the plain,
 She charms where'er she moves;
 A thousand playful cupids reign
 Around the fair, and in her train,
 The graces, smiles, and loves.

5. Led by her flock, in happy hour
 The charming maid approach'd the bow'r,

With

With soft and silent tread ;
 Surpriz'd that here a shepherd lay,
 She turn'd her steps another way,
 To seek a lonelier shade.

6. When buzzing round about her ear
 She saw a gold-wing'd wasp appear,
 In search of food astray ;
 Upon my cheek his feet he plac'd
 A draught of human blood to taste,
 While I in slumber lay.

7. The maid perceiv'd what he design'd,
 And urg'd by a compassionate mind,
 With haste approach'd the place ;
 But in her hurry to prevent,
 And overthrow the dire intent,
 She slightly touch'd my face.

8. Lost in a pleasing dream, methought
 Dalinda's fav'ring ear I sought,
 Who listen'd while I woo'd ;
 Awaken'd by the kind surprize,
 I started up, before my eyes
 The living image stood.

9. When springing forward in my arms
 I clasp'd the fair, in all her charms,
 Enraptur'd with my blifs :
 And on her lovely pouting lips,
 Sweet as the bee, the honey sips.
 Impress'd an eager kiss.

10. She trembled, blush'd, and hung her head,
 A charming smile her face o'erspread,
 My pardon there express'd ;
 I seiz'd the moment, and I sped,

The

The fair consents with me to wed,
Sure never swain so blest!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANBURY MISCELL-
LANY.

SIR,

*If you think the following lines worthy a place
in your Miscellany, your inserting them will much
oblige,*

Your Humble Servant,

BANBURY: }
June 10th 1789. }

C. S. G.

ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION OF HIS MA-
JESTY'S HEALTH.

TUNE "RULE BRITANNIA".

WHile Royal George enjoys the crown,
How blest, how happy britons are:
For liberty supports, supports his throne,
And constitutes his darling care.

CHORUS.

*Royal George's and Charlotte's gentle sway,
Each true born briton shall obey.*

But when beneath affliction's hand,
Our much lov'd sov'reign hung his head,
What fears o'erwhelm'd, o'erwhelm'd the drooping
land;
Unnumber'd tears Britannia shed.

Royal George's &c.

E

Perdition

Perdition catch the Men who fought
To assume a power not their own :
By interest led, with proud ambition fraught,
In vain they strove to shake the throne.

Royal George's &c.

Whilst here on earth they hold their course,
Disgrace shall all their steps attend ;
They shall with shame, with shame & deep remorse,
Unpitied to the Grave descend.

Royal George's &c.

But hail the great, the glorious men,
Their Praise let every Briton sing,
Who did their dear, their dearest rights defend,
And sav'd their country and their king!

Royal George's &c.

Their patriot conduct, free from blame,
Adopted for the noblest end ;
With honour crown'd, crown'd with immortal fame,
To after ages shall descend.

Royal George's &c.

All praise to his ALMIGHTY NAME,
Let every loyal Briton sing ?
Who did renew, renew life's lambient flame,
To health restor'd our gracious king.

Royal George's &c.

Long reign the matchless, royal pair,
A terror to each hostile shore ;
And Britain still be heaven's peculiar care,
Till time and nature are no more.

*Royal George's and Charlotte's gentle sway,
Each true born Briton shall obey.*

C.

New

New Enigmas, to be Answered in the Second Number of this Miscellany.

N. B. The best General Poetical Answers to the Enigmas, Rebuses, and Charades, will be entitled to a chance, by lot, of two Prizes of 6 Miscellanies.

I. ENIGMA, BY A GENTLEMAN OF BANBURY

TELL me, what am I, ladies fair ?
 My form approaches to a square.
 I am no animal, and yet
 I want not either head or feet,
 Or sides, or belly, which is oft
 A little hard, tho' sometimes soft.
 In richest dress I oft appear;
 Yet sometimes scarcely ought to wear,
 I'm lov'd so much by great and small,
 That I have visits from them all:
 Some quite alone on me attend,
 While others do it with a friend;
 One friend, I mean, for it's well known
 Few like it well with more than one,
 Such, ladies fair, my happy case is,
 That you are fond of my embraces;
 And tho' we often part, yet still
 It's often fore against your will;
 And if long absent, O! what pain
 You feel, till in my arms again.

2. ENIGMA, BY THE SAME.

LIKE a disciplin'd band, in order we stand,
 While we wait the approach of a foe,
 E 2 Who

Who seldom does fail, when he does us assail,
 Our ranks in confusion to throw.
 But then we're not beat, at so desp'rate a rate,
 As to think of engaging no more ;
 But all hands amain, we rally again,
 And in order appear as before.
 On this the same foe, repeateth his blow,
 And again puts us in a bad plight :
 And thus we have known, the fight carried on,
 Sometimes from the morning till night.

3. ENIGMA, BY H————

I'M rough, I'm smooth, I'm high, I'm low ;
 To man a friend, to man a foe :
 Without me life he can't maintain,
 And yet I often prove his bane.
 I'm never still, but always moving ;
 I'm never fix'd, but always roving.
 From whence I come no mortals know,
 Nor can they tell you where I go :
 But wheresoe'er I pass my time,
 I suit my nature to the clime.
 As any bull I sometimes rave,
 Sometimes I'm silent as the grave ;
 With swiftest speed I sometimes fly,
 Sometimes I pass you gently by :
 The fair my favours often lack,
 Yet on me often turn their back.

4. ENIGMA, BY THE SAME.

I'VE but one leg, yet often move apace,
 But am by no means fit to run a race.

Having

Having no tongue, nor mouth, I am quite dumb,
 But tho' I have no voice I sometimes hum.
 I have no fingers, yet I often spin;
 Am oft chastis'd, tho I commit no sin.
 I'm of no party, yet I often turn,
 I'm often beat, but ne'er with anger burn:
 When agitated most, I please you best,
 And when I soundest sleep, am least at rest.

5. ENIGMA BY THE SAME.

GENTS, you, no doubt, will soon declare
 My name, since I am oft your care;
 Yet would I fain delude your eyes,
 By thus appearing in disguise.
 I'm neither metal, wood, nor stone,
 Nor am I herb, or flesh, or bone;
 Yet join'd to one of these, I grow
 As flesh and vegetables do:
 Nor can you guess, when all is done,
 What length enormous I should run,
 Were I permitted without section
 To follow nature's wise direction.

Fair ladies, always I attend you,
 And ne'er am backward to befriend you;
 Yet,—strange it certainly will sound—
 From your fair hands I've many a wound!
 But justice forces me to say,
 You give them not in vengeful way,

Tho' naturally hard and tough,
 Insipid to the taste enough,
 Yet some so fond of me are grown
 That they oft gnaw me like a bone:
 Indeed, to speak the real case,
 I am both useful and a grace.

When little creatures vex and tease you,
Apply me right and I shall ease you.

Some, when their enemies annoy them,
My aid make use of to destroy them :
Not mine alone ; for I have kin
With whom in such a case I join :
Indeed I've relatives in store,
Yes ; let me see ; almost a score ;
Who, since 'twas first ordained so,
Dwell some above, and some below.

"Now lovely nymphs and happy swains,
Who dwell near Charwell's fertile plains,
Remove, with favour, this disguise :
And you will doubtless win the prize."

6. ENIGMA, BY P. R.

WITHIN a dismal dark and gloomy den,
Abhorr'd by beasts & shun'd by careful men,
An old Magician, strong and subtle, reigns ;
And all the neigh'ring peasants own his chains :
Attendant imps, devoted to his will,
Prepare his spells, and his designs fulfil.
The emblematic symbols of their art
Adorn the walls, profuse in every part ;
And scatter'd on the floor, thrown careless by,
Circles, half-circles, squares and sextants lie.

Here slavish wretches magick rings obtain
To keep from prowling beasts the tender grain ;
Or haste for succour, in a luckless day,
When force or guile has torn their strength away.
From hence there oft proceeds a mingled roar,
Like rolling surges dashing 'gainst the shore ;
Strait from the cavern moving columns rise,
Mount high in air, and cleave the vaulted skies :

Loud

Loud growling sounds and burſting groans ſucceed,
 As if from multitudes ordain'd to bleed.
 The luſty crew, with frantic fury fill'd,
 Snatch flaming brands, & murd'rous weapons wield;
 From ſmoking altars, pondrous ſhields they reach,
 Miſt ſpreading fire, each ſtands oppos'd to each.

The ſtartled trav'ler, liſt'ning from afar,
 Hears the loud tumult of the furious war;
 And from the clangor of the horrid din,
 Perceives that the deteſted rites begin:
 Then plies his ſteed, in hopes to ſhun the crew,
 Who from the ſtranger claim a tribute due.
 Or if compell'd by adverſe fate to ſtay
 Unwillingly ſpectator of the fray,
 He afterwards accelerates his pace,
 And flies with greater ſpeed the direful place.

But chief a monſter of unſeemly form,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the ſtorm;
 And ſtirſ them up by his ſeditious breath,
 Still to prepare the inſtruments of death.
 This his employ, and this he loves the beſt,
 To ſteel to ſoft impreſſions ev'ry gueſt:
 All who imbibe his temper, in a trice
 Depart more harden'd and improv'd in vice.
 Should one, whoſe ſtubborn heart at length gives way
 Return again upon a future day,
 He ſtorms, he roars, and riſing in his ire,
 Like ſubterraneous Etna, belches fire;
 The old Magician and his ſons appear,
 Their tortures uſe, and ev'ry member tear,
 Till from their hands eſcap'd, ſo diff'rent grown,
 To former friends the ſuff'rer's hardly known.

REBUSES.

1. REBUS, BY MERCUTIO.

THE initials exchange of a pest, and an ill
Which poor mortals full often attends ;
And two names you will have—folks may say *what*
they will,
But the owners can never be friends.

2. REBUS, BY W. RUSHER.

CATO and Chloe properly combin'd,
Will name you something which I often find
Upon a table, when from school I rove.
Which you, as well as I, may doubtless love.

3. REBUS, BY MR. W. HOLLAND.

TO nothing add ten, with three-fifths of two score,
And let them be join'd by five hundred more ;
These, rightly combined, will give you the name
Of a city, not least in the annals of fame.

CHARADES.

1. CHARADE, BY H—

WHEN things are hurt my *first* takes place,
My *next* kills many of our race :
My *whole* you'll see in every book,
As soon as into it you look.

2.

2. CHARADE, BY J. RUSHER, CHARLEBURY.

AT my *first* the keen lawyers explore their dark
 science,
 With my *second* at heart ten times more than their
 clients:
 A good *whole* in hats, gloves, ribbons, cloths, drugs,
 or tea,
 You may have, if you please, by applying to me.

3. CHARADE, BY H————

MY *first* denotes what is not near,
 My *second* stands for what you please:
 My *whole* tho' found in large accounts
 Is yet discharg'd with perfect ease.

ANswers to the foregoing Enigmas, Rebuses, and
 Charades, must be sent to the Publisher's free
 of expence, before the 20th of OCTOBER, as must
 all new compositions—That the Editor may have
 proper time to examine them, and place them in
 order for publication in the succeeding number,
 which is intended to be ready for delivery on the first
 of JANUARY 1790.

An Account of the number of Baptisms and Burials
 in the Parish of BANBURY, for ten years last past,
 ending with the 31 December, 1788.

N. B. The Burials of the Dissenters are here in-
 cluded, but not the Baptisms.

YEAR

YEARS.	BAPTISMS.	BURIALS.
1779.	98.	129.
1780.	110.	112.
1781.	92.	65.
1782.	95.	64.
1783.	102.	72.
1784.	101.	80.
1785.	109.	104.
1786.	112.	94.
1787.	120.	95.
1788.	94.	103.
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1033.	918.

If an allowance be made and added to the above Births, for the children of Dissenters of different denominations, of which there are many families residing in this Parish, a considerable majority will be found in the number of the Births.

That our readers may form an idea of the progressive increase of population in this Parish, we have here added an account of the number of Baptisms and Burials for the ten corresponding years in the LAST CENTURY, viz.

YEARS.	BAPTISMS.	BURIALS.
1679.	50.	53.
1680.	76.	47.
1681.	67.	54.
1682.	66.	85.
1683.	83.	61.
		1684.

1684.	68.	62.
1685.	56.	56.
1686.	62.	64.
1687.	71.	51.
1688.	70.	42.
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	669.	575.

A list of the Vicars of BANBURY for the space of two hundred years, as near as we can at present ascertain.

1600. The reverend Ralph Houghton, M. A. who is supposed to have been Vicar for several years preceding this period. During this person's ministry, the large bell was new cast and added to the peal.
1609. The reverend W. Wheatly, B. D. A quarto volume of sermons of his, are still extant. Some further account of the life of this learned minister is intended to be given in a future number
1639. The reverend John Howes, M. A.
1641. The reverend Samuel Wells, M. A. was this year inducted into the vicarage.
- (1653. William Allen, Minister.
1654. Nathaniel Wheatly, Minister.
We find the names of the two preceding persons as *Ministers*, but we rather suppose they were not *Vicars*.)
1665. The reverend Thomas Matthew, M. A. Vicar.
- (1670. Richard White, Minister.)
- 1705.

- 1705. The reverend Benjamin Loving.
 - 1718. The reverend William Asplin
 - 1734. The reverend Joseph Gerard
 - 1739. The reverend John Wardle
 - 1758. The reverend Matthew Lamb, M. A.
(And in 1773 Doctor in Divinity)
 - 1783. The reverend John Lamb, M. A. who is
the present Vicar.
-

April 27th, 1789, Mr. JAMES FRENCH, of *Fritwell*, 90 years of age, walked from thence through *Aynho* to *Banbury* before breakfast, being about nine miles. He appears remarkably healthy for his age, has a fine bloom on his countenance, enjoys a good appetite, and seems likely to live many years. He informed the Editor of this MISCELLANY, that he was for a good part of his life a servant in the Mr. Child's family, (where we hear he was much respected and esteemed) by whom his faithful service is rewarded with an annuity of 20*£*. during life. Not long since he walked to London in three days, and there, amidst the multitude observed, that he could not find an *old man*. He eats but two Meals in a day, and never drinks any strong liquors, nor very often ale, but generally mixed beer.

The Editor presents his most respectful compliments to the candid and intelligent reader, and will be happy to receive any hint for the future improvement of this Miscellany, which shall be carefully attended to. He also begs leave to assure the public, that, should this attempt meet with encouragement, he will exert his utmost endeavours to render the succeeding numbers worthy of their favour.

